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Original Poetry.

"NONE ARE ALL EVIL."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS E. J. EAMES.

Ah! who shall say one virtue may not blossom
In man's worn heart though chilled by sin & dealing?
Who dare to close in the human temple
Where love no longer grows & better feeling?
Never say all evil! until the world is ended,
Not while of its virgin beauty robed—
Most of us have some redeeming quality,
Few though the best certainly may be studied.

How we debased, and dim'd, man our immortality
A passing portrait from the Artist's thinking heart—
Some tone of pure primeval bloom remaineth,
Through long ye dim hath lain the tempted inner
One ray of the dawning yet peeping—
A cloud hath hung on the sky within—
A good gone, then one God's own figure,
Hath proven the Spirit's high origin.

None are all evil, oh, my human brother!
Look in the darkest heart of man there lieth
The pure germ of God's Eternal goodness,
Though it be hidden from the world's gaze.

Oh! then the calmly and cautious search
To find one to speak to the lofty—
To offer one thing the promise of good to serve—
To exercise and open human charity,
Then shall we find the good in each unknown.

Let love and love, and not hate for another,
Act the unseen and the unknown—
Let us be slow to think the good be dark object
Think well of human nature—and well of humanity,
And much more the best measure for our Neighbor.
Need we.

Original Novelet.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER:
OR,
THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY J. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

There are two things that I'd give the world to know," said Henry Appleton, on a June that memorable examination of his feelings.

"What are they?" inquired his friend Jasper.

"First, whether I am in love with Miss Mary," replied Appleton. "I suppose, how terrible it is! If I only knew what I believe, I'd tell you what I would be at once. If I'm to have a fortune, let me know it at once, and, I confess excitedly, that it be a certainty of evil."

"Then, with a shrug, or, I might say, composure, you would not be sorry to have the veil lifted from your future?"

"I am not the cattle that chase their existence, and say 'next will chatter, thank, instantly, I am afraid, and to know the hidden mysteries of that terribly pit in the things are thoroughly unknown."

"Mysterious words truthfully," said Jasper.

"Well, my dear fellow, you are not to be in such wisdom," returned Appleton, assuming some composure of manner. "I ask and of no one and passive temperament."

"Wisely said," quietly replied Jasper.

"It is well, perhaps, for you to think so, my friend. Well, indeed, for all who can tamely live on this present, being ignorant of the future, and making a stranger way in the black midnight, and not knowing the coming day! Happy, thrice happy, those some mental precepts. If we knew what is to come, we could not properly prepare for it, and, instead for coming evil."

"But, you forget, that our knowledge of future events can work knowledge prevent, and therefore those events from happening. Have you never heard of the old astrologer going to court?"

"I have not, my friend, to speaking for reasons of my own, I have not given the matter any serious conclusion of clean. Don't you see that?"

"It's what may do I manifest confusion of offense."

"I have not said. You spoke of foreknowledge of things the infallibility of which I doubt. I have said but to an approaching evil to you, which I am willing to prepare for."

"I don't see that so clearly."

"Suppose you are to lose this love suit?"

"I don't see that so clearly."

"Your knowledge of the fact could not affect the result. You would lose it, and, consequently, take place, as if you were in ignorance of it. In the final moment when the court rendered its decision."

"All that is true. Well, I know that I was going to lose the suit, and I was prepared for the decision in the court. Instead of this, I would have the benefit of a knowledge that would have the heart to a sublime."

"I don't see that you know that the result would be favorable, you would shut your books and throw poison to the dogs."

"Let I could not."

"I do, you have a fortune for the study of medicine, and, of course, have already gone to the greatest of your mood, you would obtain professional distinction, and become extensively employed."

"With a fortune of sixty thousand dollars, what mind would there be for me to wear out my life in the study of medicine?"

"The same mind that would exist under any other circumstances, I suppose."

"I do not see your meaning."

"Is the public want would remain as before."

"Is public want?"

"I do, and to your ability to supply that want society would be benefited, and you would be, also."

"Like me the sixty thousand dollars' worth of property were to cost, and I'll snap my fingers in the face of society, and say I care not a straw what it thinks or says about me."

"The wisdom of that Providence which regards the good of the whole and all the good of each individual, in directing an impenetrable veil between the present and the future, is manifest to you in your case," said Jasper. "The very uncertainty hanging over your late-court, causes you, as a prudent man, to make preparations for the event, so that you may use them for your own support and that of your family, should the decision come into your hands. Now, suppose you were given the decision before the court, you would act just the same as you do now, and through life."

"If foreknowledge is not kind to us on particulars," replied Appleton lightly.

"The Father of all is good to all, and kind even to the evil and unthankful," said Jasper, solemnly. "Having made man, He knows what is in man, and what is best for him. He has provided for him what lies in the future. He has provided for his present existence. With only a knowledge of coming evil, the active energies of man would be at work under a moral paralysis. Can you not see this?"

"I will see it all, if it but clearly."

"In many cases, you do not, because powers of human action, and all success, seemingly, depends on human prudence. The very uncertainty in which the future lies, causes us to act with that circumspection in each man's mind that open active exertion alone be most depend for the vanguard good demand, causes land and heart with suffering energy. Then, each man's peculiar ability to serve society is developed while he is seeking his own ends. Each man, because all the future is to him a hidden thing, and because he believes that to-day make his own future conditions prosper for to-morrow, according as he wisely improves the present time, labors in the common cause of establishing the moral well being. Then, the good of the whole is attained through the efforts of individuals, without a necessary good. But, to good or evil that is before him, and you rob him of his motive power. He has no longer an end impelling him to action."

"But a very flattering doctrine that of yours, friend Jasper," said Appleton.

"Why do you say that?"

"You make every man a kind of a common servant; a bob-server, or working reason on the great science of human society."

"You express the truth in a homely way."

"That is your doctrine, then?"

"So man really works for himself. All that we do is a service to others. In fact, as you said, every man is a sort of common servant. Are you paying over this dry pathology in order to learn the nature of disease, that you may cure your own ailments?"

"Of course not. Yet, there is truth in what you say; but, it is a truth that I don't exactly relish. A common servant! Henry Appleton a mere bod-carrier! Humph!"

"No, not a bob-carrier," smilingly replied Jasper. "Not even a mason. But a member of a wicked walls and engraved foundations."

"Flattering idea, isn't it? Ah, me—"

"I know that all our actions would do good to others," replied the friend, "should produce it not such an undivided pleasure."

"Perhaps so. But I'm not so generous as all that. My business is to take care of myself, and I see that it is well done. I know my own heart and mind. But, to come back to the matter of the future. There are two things I am to be in the morning, that I'd give almost the world to know. One I have mentioned—the other you may guess at if you happen to feel curious."

"A love affair, probably."

"Perhaps so. Now, my son, candidly, whether you think it possible, in any case, to lift the veil that conceals the future?"

"There have been prophetic indications at certain periods, that we believe carried an exact as produce history."

"There have, undoubtedly. But has the time of seers and prophets gone by?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"The necessity for an existence in man's very nature, is, I think, that a spiritual world exists no longer remains."

"I see what you base this opinion on!"

"I see the fact that mankind, in reference to the state of immortal, lost in the first declension from purity, have turned away from the spiritual world, and, where the mind can be sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the fact that there is a spiritual as well as a natural world, between which is a mutual dependence. Signs, visions and dreams are the result of this belief or dependence, when what was in a millennium of ignorance and superstition, but this evil, they were accompanied by truth."

"I see you do not apply the term superstitious, superstitiously to the ignorant as former times, who believed in things supernatural as they are called, as I do. I very much believe that it would be well would be at once. If I'm to have a fortune, let me know it at once, and, I confess excitedly, that it be a certainty of evil."

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Our Picture Gallery.

MARCH OF THE SIOUX.

FROM FRONT'S "THRILLING ADVENTURES AMONG THE INDIANS."

The Crow and Sioux Indians, like most tribes who subsist by hunting, are obliged to move frequently from place to place, in search of the game which they perform one of the migratories in both directions annually. The appointment of the time of starting is left in a great measure to the chiefs. A few hours before it arrives, the crier comes through the village, announcing his determination to move, and at the same time places the signal, always observed in such occasions, at his wigwam. The whole village is now in confusion. Everything household goods, and clothing are bundled together; dogs and horses are packed and all, and three or four women and children. To lead each horse, which, under the circumstances, will carry about two hundred pounds, a very unnecessary, as also before, holding the bridle, and are generally set down to sleep upon the ground behind him. The dogs are made to drag upon the ground behind him. The dogs are packed with the baggage, and keeping up with the caravan until night, and only stopping when there seems prospect of a battle with some of his companions.

The cavalcade is drawn out in an immense distance, the men mounted on good horses, and the Sioux in a great degree by horses.

Our Crow acquaintance at least five times that number. Each dog has to bear part of the general burden. Two poles about fifteen feet long are fastened to his shoulders, in the same manner as the lodge-poles are attached to the horses, leaving the ends to drag upon the ground behind him. On these is placed a bundle, with which he trots along, keeping up with the caravan until night, and only stopping when there seems prospect of a battle with some of his companions.

The cavalcade is drawn out in an immense distance, the men mounted on good horses, and the Sioux in a great degree by horses.

"No. You many cause pounds it on the ticket. Shall I say that you will settle for forty thousand?"

Appleton reflected for some time before replying. He had already been looking into the future and arranging his plans, which all rested upon an income derived from sixty thousand dollars. He was to wed Marion and start immediately for a tour through Europe. At their return were to be spent abroad. What was to be the result of the journey, he had not yet satisfied. On less than an income of three or four thousand dollars per annum, he felt that it would be impossible to meet the expense of this European tour, or to maintain the style of living that he had been used to, and which he felt that he could not prepared, therefore, to think favorably of any proposition from the defendant. He could get the case to a decision at that time, if he chose to do so, and he was not concerned.

"Why should I take less than the law will give me?" said he, in reply to the question of his counsel.

"As the law has yet given you nothing, Mr. Appleton," said Jasper, "you have no right to say what you will take."

"As I have already said, I have no fears on this subject. The law will assuredly make the right award I claim."

There was a tone of confidence and an elation of spirit about the young man, that surprised and rather annoyed his lawyer, who was a cool, headed matter-of-fact person, possessed of much legal knowledge.

A little longer acquaintance with the law would have taught him, that it was not always the decision on the decease of a judge or jury," said Jasper, "that we have to look for as the promise. The parties make an offer of twenty thousand. If you take that, you are certain of having a fortune in your hands, and have no further trouble. If you refuse, you are certain of failure rather than what the doubtful result of our case may bring us. If we lose, we shall be subject to it when about and send charges. It is for this reason that I urge you to accept the offer, and forgetting yourself at an important source of mental quietude in the future. The time will come, when you will look back upon the present moment as the turning point in your life, and congratulate yourself that you were not so obstinate."

"Have your further street-gallows weakened or strengthened your confidence in the legal ground we have taken?"

"Rather strengthened them."

"Then I will abide by my own," rejoined Appleton. "From the matter suppressing, allowing the case, may not, as against, open, will be free thousand dollars."

"Very well. You are the party most interested, and the lawyer. It shall be as you desire."

The effect of this overture was, as we have seen, contemplatory, in Appleton's mind, of Jasper's gentlemanly conduct.

Not long after, the, an offer at thirty thousand dollars was made, but Appleton positively refused to accept of any thing short of his legal rights, and he and would not.

The proposition, he had abandoned his books, and left his classes in the very midst of a course of lectures, to which he had been looking forward with while. What motive the study remained? His bride was chosen, and a large income was realized, and he had no hands.

Was he happier than previous to his certainty? Did he feel more independent? Had he gained the end of his ambition? Did he feel more secure in the possession of Marion? Was he more worthy of her? Was he more loved

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

MACAULAY.

Thomas Babington Macaulay occupies in the British literary world a brilliant and first position. In his department of letters, there is no man in Britain whose head is higher than his shoulders, and every one admits it. As a prognoss writer, a magnificent historical critic, he has no superior in the world, and it is doubtful if he has an equal.

His personal appearance is very striking. His body is rather small—too much so to comport well with the size of his intellect—small in height, I mean, for he is slightly corpulent. His head is one at the finest in Britain. It is very large and intellectual, and rises, at the same time, in full of a certain sensuality. His face is oval, and full—his eyes are very beautiful, and his hair, neat and fine, which, according to the phrenologists, is a sign of exquisite nerves, such as Macaulay is known to possess. His carriage is genteel and dignified; he dresses plainly, never colors, and is fastidious, too exactly, so far as one judge from his general appearance, are those of a perfect gentleman.

In Macaulay's early life too father was quite intimate with Lord Brougham, and, from the first, Brougham predicted that he was to become a great and famous man. The prophetic saying is a compliment to Brougham's keenness of perception and foresight. He predicted that young Macaulay would excel as a writer and as an orator. Subsequent events have fully justified the prediction, for Macaulay is not only celebrated as a splendid writer, but also as a fine orator. Brougham, at that time, was a glorious Reformer and Liberal, and the blood of the Macaulays has ever sympathized with him in his feelings and opinions. Macaulay grew up also a Reformer—not exactly a Radical; but a Conservative Reformer—a Liberal of mild and steady views.—Brougham recommended to him the practice of reading speeches aloud, if he wished to succeed as a parliamentary orator, and commenced that habit was the secret of his success. Macaulay profited by Brougham's advice, studied his speeches, and resolved them aloud, or before a few critical friends. He never wearied, never flagged in his perseverance, but looked steadily to the end and saw the earning of a good fame as a parliamentary orator. He was elected in due course to Parliament, and his first speech produced a sensation in the House in rapturous applause. Of his speech was characterized, even by his enemies, as full of brilliancy, sound argument and gorgeous illustration. It took the House and the world by surprise. Macaulay, as an orator,—like Byron as a poet—woke up the next morning after the performance and found himself famous. Everywhere, in all quarters, he was the subject of praise. To many doubted the depth of his mind, as he had said and done, and with a great deal of reason, too.—Macaulay's everlasting power of mind he exhibited, that his greatest speeches—speeches bursting with eloquence, with a dazzling profusion of brilliants—were made in support of liberty and the people's cause. In the terrible times of the Anthem Bill, he was an ever prominent debater in the House of Commons. His speeches, which were the most effective of any made there, excited the applause of the stiffest Tories in the House; not for their sentiments, but for their brilliancy and splendor as oratorical performances. He was in the House of Commons what Brougham was in the House of Lords—an elegant and convincing defender of the people.—Macaulay ever remained, to a certain degree, liberal, but Brougham apostatized, deserted the people, and lost the almost godly position awarded him by the whole British Nation.

Macaulay was finally taken into the cave of the Whig Ministry, and left an important post while the representative of the Election of Glasgow in the House of Commons. His course while a member of the Government, displeased his Scotch Electors, who were indeed most thoroughly with the spirit of his writings, which was that of reform and liberty. Macaulay settled down into a kind of Hessian "fencing"—Office seemed to him like an opiate on his vegetation and his strong love of progress and purer liberty. The Scotchmen would not bear his indifference to what, in their eyes, was all important. He therefore left an senator, his splendor as an author, could not save him from the disgrace of a non-election. A plain tradesman ran in opposition to him. This intelligent Macaulay's pride, for he is one of the proudest men in the world, and he therefore resolves on this point. He could not bear to think that a mere tradesman, and plain man of the people, should defeat him in an election of the most momentous. But the election came; the tradesman held out a stone unbroken; every thing was done which could be done to secure his triumph over his opponent. But the Scotch Electors were not to be trifled with, and they returned Mr. Cowan, his opponent, and Macaulay was thrown from the political world into the library, which is his appropriate sphere.

It was a terrible stroke to his self-love, but his sensitive feelings were somewhat soothed by the receipt of the great honor of being elected to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.—Literary honors took better upon his brow than political. He has been distinguished as a politician and as a parliamentary speaker; but his real greatness lies in his power of composition. His essays and critiques which were published in the Edinburg Review are among the very finest things in the English language. It is not temerity to say, that they will live as long as the language is spoken in which they are written. Those who are familiar with his miscellaneous writings, will remember that the critiques on Dante's Life of Johnson is of the most savage species. It provoked Croker exceedingly, and he had personal prejudices called it forth. At that time Croker was in Parliament, and made bitter speeches against Macaulay and his friends, but there is little doubt about the justice of the criticism. Lately Croker has had his revenge in an almost indirect, by bitter critique on the first two volumes of Macaulay's History of England. The article is a good specimen of what an injured man—or one who fancies himself so—in the literary world, can do to remove his pent-up feelings and revenge his wrongs upon a foe. The character of Macaulay's writings is beyond the reach of random criticism. His essays are a glory to all nations who speak and write the English language. His critique on Hastings, Byron, Milsbeg, Milton, &c., &c., are not of splendid images, splendid diction, and fine and correct sentences, but of substance—one to real notice of his best papers. There is a power of expression, a fullness, a completeness of diction, a vitality irrepressible, a gorgeousness in embellishment, that cannot be learnt and long a way by them. He is the prince of writers, and will remain so for years. Where a young brain, which aspires to literary fame, can find better writings, a sense of unthinkingness comes over it—a feeling that if she be what literary fame is, there no common mortal may hope for it. Not brain seems to be large enough for the combining of ideas, arguments and fine similes. He never wrote a sentence which was senseless, and he has written many which dazzled the world with their light. And yet, after all this, Macaulay is not a very deep man—his splendor is effulgence to be trusted; his brightness is many times like the glare of a meteor, beautiful to look at, but cold and unwarming of faith.

He is probably paid for his writings as well as any man in Europe, with, perhaps, the exception of Dickens. For his recent History of England, just completed, he received £20,000 sterling—not a very large sum.

As a man, in private life, Macaulay is believed and honored. He is a star in every literary meeting-room, and a welcome guest in the highest circles. Authors love him—the English world honors him—has earned that position by talents and perseverance.

WOMEN IN CONFINEMENT—GARROTING, &c.—We have had quite an influx of the last few recently, by sea and by land, and when the weather has cleared settled and the streets dry, an elegantly dressed lady will no longer be a rare sight. Occasionally one seeming to see the Chinese and Mexican women down here. Their plain, unadornless raiment have given place to the neat, tasty and elegant India shawls, their plain calico frocks to the rich silks and satins, while from their rare species precious gems in lieu of the cheap washed Yankee jewelry they used to wear—diamonds display glass. One of the most recent designs is to have women at the gaming table as lions, and in several establishments there is seen a perfectly richly-dressed senorita, bejewelled enough to excite the envy of an Empress, handling the cards, money, shuffling the cards, coaxing upon the issue and watching the winners. All is not that comes to their self. With respect to gaming, I cannot perceive any diminution; in fact, according to my observation, it is increasing. Recently a new house opens, that some of the principal rooms are tenanted by Mrs. Roddick, A. S. G. Hopkins, Mandy, "Flagstaff" tables. It is said that there are no more "fencing men" here, that it is a perfect Kilkenny cat business among them; but I am convinced that such is not the case. It will not be long—perhaps not a year—before a flood tax will be made upon the gamesters, which will be worse than the Mississippi affair. If it should be the case, they cannot complain, for there is scarcely a professional among them that has not been taxed to the tune from fifteen to twenty.—San Francisco Letter to the New Orleans Delta.

WOMEN IN THE WILDERNESS!—At the beginning of this century it was in Ohio and Indiana.—Twenty-five years afterwards it was in Michigan, Wisconsin, and so forth. Last year it was in Minnesota Territory. Next year we shall have to seek it in Nebraska and around the Lake of the Woods.

Where the steamboat goes, there the wilderness disappears. And the steamboat is soon to shuttle the Indian, and make the subject of the lament above the Falls of the St. Anthony; for a boat is now building there which the St. Paul "Democrat and Register" of the 19th January says "is rapidly progressing." The time for launching her has even been fixed.—As soon as the ice is clear of ice." The builder hails from Bangor, Maine, the opposite extremity of the Union to the East, and is said to be "a highly skilful workman." The dimensions of the craft are 120 feet keel, 130 feet deck, 25 feet beam, and will draw twelve inches light. The machinery is in course of construction at Dubuque, and will be at the Falls at the opening of navigation.

Steam navigation "over trade" above the Falls of the St. Anthony! Poetry may as well gallop up its pastures and congress lands on the land, unless it can be content to find its themes in the workshop and the crowded street.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

THE MAMMOTH! UNDER AIR OTHER RIVER.—A river that runs East or West crosses no parallels of latitude, consequently, as it flows towards the sea, it does not change its climate, and being in the same climate, the crops that are cultivated on its mouth, are also at the same time as those from one end to the other of it there is no variety of production; it is all wheat and corn, or all rice, or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the products which rock a river brings down the market. On the other hand, a river that runs North and South crosses parallels of latitude, changes its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees every day new agricultural and new products rising. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of cargoes, the product of which, some one or another of the different nations of the earth is sure to want, and for which each one will send to the Mississippi at its mouth, or the great cities that are distributed over the world. The assortments of merchandise which float by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity, and vigor. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world. —*Literary World.*

Clippings.

☞ Mr. Sawyer, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature from Berlin, is the stage driver who used to carry the mail to and from Worcester morning with his stage, and reaches Acton in season for breakfast. He has been in the habit of which arrives in Boston about o'clock, giving him ample time to attend to his business, for he is known, he runs an express in connection with his stage.) At eleven he his always found in his seat, which trip I realized a clear profit of $100; and it becomes my duty to acknowledge in you, that you have given me the understanding. I should never have gone to Pittsburg. I think that every man who contemplates success in life should first consult for a profession of one of your carefully prepared Phrenological Charts. I have obtained from you two, and I am satisfied that you are honest in your delineations. I would recommend you to all who may call on you.—Yours truly, PETER HAND.

Sworn and subscribed before me,

JOHN THOMPSON, Alderman.

All letters addressed to Fowlers & Wells, New York, promptly attended to, if pre-paid. For more particulars, see Fowlers & Wells's Phrenological Almanac, where certificates can be seen.

☞ An Editorial Visit from the *Democrat*, Wellington, Ohio.—Our sanctum, on Monday last, was favored by a visit from the editor of the above-named paper, who, we are sorry to say, was not accompanied by his better half. The Publishing Committee of the Democrat, we presume, have selected the unmarried philosopher to remove the cobwebs, and otherwise assist in the duties of the editorial department, and we feel that many of the good people of Brandywine Hundred will be interested of his success in dancing away witches.

It is on this way the ignorant and credulous are duped and their money, and, in many cases, their best interest in mind and business. The revelations of the Rochester knockings are a case in point. It is false, they are not worth stirring or paying for. If true, the consequences of their exposure are such as to deter honest persons. We say to our young readers, beware.

BUENA VISTA.

We may judge what reliance can be placed upon the history of contemporary facts, by the account which we often meet as to facts that have taken place in the battle of Buena Vista. Of this we can speak. Doubtless the place said to have been used by General Taylor at Buena Vista. "A little knoll," as Captain Bragg, of the artillery, is reported as on the pages of history, with the "Up, Guards, and at them!" of Wellington, as the rallying and standing both Taylor and Wellington deep over using such expressions. The historian will not be able to omit such military formalities his pages, but will assert them in spite of all denials—reasoning that the world will not be content if such phrases would never have had an existence.

Perhaps it is well that the world generally wish to tell the attention of our readers to the deception in such matters, sooner or later, end in anarchy. Such was the case in the establishment of a Monarchy in France, which, aided by a part of our men from Kentucky, that restored the horror of the days after the overthrow of the Emperor at Buena Vista. Every one would think there could be no mistake as to the fact of the battle of Buena Vista. But while the truth has generally been given by historians, the Whig Congressional Committee, a Member of Congress from Illinois, who was also in the battle, says that the Mississippians were engaged in the fight, and that the Illinois and Kentucky belong the glory of turning the tide of victory over the Mexicans.

Mr. Featherston, of Mississippi, has announced his intention to move a vote of thanks to Mr. Clay, for his services in the battle. Now is it not singular that there should be the least doubt upon a question of this character? Mr. Clay was not in the battle, and yet he has been so called upon before the matter is determined, he is to give in his testimony. That one should differ upon opinions is conceivable; that they should be charged with falsehood is inconceivable; that they should be charged with falsehood is inconceivable; that they should be charged with falsehood is incon

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 19th, Mr. Seward presented a petition from George W. Rose, asking the Senate by report of a Committee, to state what matters clearly came within the powers of petitioners to present to Congress, as he is about presenting a petition, which possibly may not come within the rule.

Mr. Rusk raised a question of reception upon the petition, contending that it was disrespectful to the Senate, and it was not received.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Clay's compromise resolutions.

Mr. Downs resumed his remarks, commencing with an argument to show that the North would lose much more by a dissolution of the Union than the South. He stated that the North made a profit of eighty-eight millions of dollars annually upon the products of the South, and contended that the South could, without injury to herself, send her products through other channels, prostrating the trade of the North, and leaving that section in a condition similar to that witnessed in Canada. In this view, he implored Northern men to consider well before they forced disunion upon the South. He objected to the opposition made by Mr. Clay to reduce the boundary of Texas, as it took from the South one-half that the Missouri Compromise gave them. If his proposition should be adopted, it would take away all that had been gained by the Texas Compromise, because there would be no place for its operation. If the strip of country in controversy between Texas and the Federal Government did not belong to Texas, it still belonged to Mexico, which country had long ago acknowledged that it belonged to Texas.

After some further remarks upon the resolutions, Mr. Downs proceeded with some observations upon the institution of slavery. He contended that slavery was not an evil—that the slaves, all through the South, were happy and rejoicing—the best fed, and the best clothed people in the world. He drew a comparison between them and the factory operatives referred to in a speech made by Mr. Hale, some time si[illegible], asserting, that the condition of the [illegible] slave is for the happiest and best. [illegible] alluded to the statistics of poverty in New York, and defied her Senators to show that her poor white population were even equal in their condition to the much-pitied slaves of the South. In conclusion, he summed up the history of the slave question, from the foundation of the Government to the present time, contending that the whole course of the South had been that of concession—while that of the North had been repeated demands and aggressions. The South had conceded everything which had been asked, and now, in the licentiousness of power, the North no longer asks concession, but asserts her right to ask a compromise—to grasp the whole.—If the North persisted in this course—upon herself would rest the responsibility.

Mr. Downs having concluded, the Senate went into Executive Session, and soon after adjourned.

On the 20th, the Senate resumed the consideration of the motion to refer the President's California Message to the Committee on Territories.

Mr. Clemens having the floor, proceeded to address the Senate. He expressed his surprise at the fellow-feeling which existed between Mr. Benton and Mr. Clay. He had been taught to look for the time when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, but he had not expected to see the great expunger and the great embodiment hold sweet converse together. In view of this strange fact, he was ready now to believe any miracle—no matter how marvellous.

Mr. C. then proceeded to discuss Mr. Clay's resolutions, charging him, in the first place, with having committed his own section, and proposed to concede everything asked by the North, giving to the South nothing in return, but the reassertion in a less solemn form, of rights already guaranteed. He did not believe that war must follow disunion. But if fraternal discord must mar the beauty of the land, the responsibility would rest, not upon those who defended their rights, but upon those who endeavored to outrage them.

Mr. Cass submitted a few remarks in vindica-

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as there was no concession on either side. True, the North would get what she wanted, but it would be from causes not under the control of Congress, and not by concession. It had been said that if received with her institution of slavery, Congress would be responsible for it. He proceeded to show that this was not true—but if Congress passed laws allowing the people of California to form a Constitution and erect a State, Congress would then more reasonably be held responsible for any act decided upon by the people, with the reference to the institution of slavery. He had admitted that there was some irregularity in the action taken by California—but was there not good ground for an excuse for this. A child, which having been abandoned by its natural parent, had adopted the necessary measures for her own protection, and now came back again, asking its neglectful parent to receive it into the family of States. Similar irregularities had been overlooked in the case of Michigan—notwithstanding the necessities of her situation, were by no means commensurate with those of the people of the Pacific.

The former had a form of government under which she had existed, and found peace and security for years. The latter were without law, or means of protection. A sentiment had been uttered in the Senate to-day, which he had heard, alas, too often, and which he never heard without a shudder. The Senate were told, that in a certain contingency, the South were to take a specific course, regardless of consequences. Was that true? For one, he knew of no condition in which man could be placed, either, on the boundless prairies of the West, in the midst of the howling winds and lashing fury of the ocean storm, or in a deliberative body—none in which a moral, rational, accountable being could take a step, regardless of consequences. It was because he did regard consequences as most important, that he was led to make every effort in his power to avert the greatest of human calamities—a consequence fraught with evil—not to this country alone—but to the cause of humanity throughout the world.

Mr. Clemens replied that he had not expected to hear Mr. Clay declare that it was right to do wrong. He had always understood that the proper course was to do right, leaving the responsibility of the act wherever it might belong. It was in this vein that he indicated a course regardless of consequences. The Senator asked what right he had to comment upon his course. He had the right which belonged to every freeman to consider and comment upon the public acts of public men.

Mr. Clay, (interposing.) Certainly, but not upon my private intercourse.

Mr. Clemens continued at some length in vindication of his own course. In reply to Mr. Cass, he said that the construction put by that gentleman upon his Nicholson letter, had never been put upon it by his own party, in the State of Alabama. A distinguished gentleman in Alabama, (Mr. Yancey,) was read out of the Democratic party because he put the construction upon the Nicholson letter which the Senator himself now gave it.

Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, followed, denying that he had charged the Senator from Michigan with inconsistency. He had always understood his Nicholson letter just as he had now explained it, and upon that ground had refused to support him; thus incurring the censure of his own political friends.

Mr. Foote made some remarks in vindica[illegible] his observations, in relation to the [illegible] between Mr. Benton and M[illegible] intercourse be[illegible] of his remarks [illegible] Clay. In the course [illegible] suggested to Mr. Clay that there [illegible] sometimes something in his demeanor, when excited in debate, which had the appearance of menace. He also alluded to a speech made by that Senator eleven years ago, in which he said that certain acts, if persisted in, would dissolve the Union, and dissolve it in blood.

Mr. Foote went on at length with some personal remarks upon Messrs. Clay, Seward and Benton.

Mr. Clay said a few words in reply to Mr. Foote's remarks about the intercourse between him and Mr. Benton, and in the course of a few observations suggested to him the impropriety of attempting to draw deductions from such private intercourse. He reminded Mr. Foote that he himself, this morning, had come over to him and held a long conversation with him in relation to the difficulties which surrounded the affairs of the country, and asked him whether it would not have been unfair for some Northern man to have imputed to the Senator dishonorable motives in seeking that interview. As to slavery, it is an evil—a political and social evil—and is a wrong towards those who are the sufferers thereby. These were his opinions, but he quarrelled with no man who thought otherwise. In conclusion, he eloquently denied all ambitious projects. He stood as it were, upon the brink of eternity, expecting soon to go hence, and owed no responsibility which he was not prepared to meet here and before God. If the Senator from Mississippi choose to call him an abolitionist, well and good, he would only say that if there was any one man in this community more abused by the Abolitionist—it was him.

Mr. Cass (interposing) said that if Mr. Clay claimed to be the best abused man in the community, he must take an exception. (Laughter.)

Mr. Clay further defended his resolutions. He had honestly, in the sight of God, endeavored to bring forward a scheme of compromise, for the purpose of keeping the Union together in one family, with harmony and concord. In supporting that scheme, he had not forgotten to rebuke the fanatics of the North for their course, as well as to call upon the South not to persist in what would not bear the scrutiny of reason and judg-

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

UNRIVALED INDUCEMENTS FOR 1850.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post, in coming before the public with a new Prospectus, would respectfully solicit attention to what they have done in the past, as a guarantee for their promises of the future. They may safely say, that no other paper in America has given to its readers so large and well chosen an amount of all kinds of reading, elegant and useful, imaginative and practical, during the last year, as the POST. To say nothing of other tales and sketches, what paper has laid before its subscribers during the past year, *four such novelets* as "Henry Benson," "The Child Stealer," "Isabel Denison," and "The Deserted Wife?"

And the proprietors of the Post are determined that, if possible, the coming year shall be even a more brilliant one than the past. To begin with, they have already secured the following original contributions, which will be published, with many other choice pictures of life, during the coming year:

THE BAYMOUNTS: A Novelet, by MISS LESLIE; author of "Mrs. Washington Potts," &c., &c.

THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING, A TALE OF WESTERN LIFE A Novelet, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Retribution," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

THE OLD ASTROLOGER, OR, THE PROPHECY FULFILLED: A Novelet, by T. S. ARTHUR, author of "Agnes, or the Possessed," "The Child Stealer," &c.

THE BELLE AND THE BLUE: A Novelet, by CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "The Mob Cap," "Aunt Patty's Scrap Bag," &c.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRE[illegible]CH REVOLUTION; by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Palaces and P[illegible]," "Malina Grey," &c., &c.

We have also made arran[illegible] spirited and intere[illegible] with GRACE GREENWOOD, for a NEW SERIES of her [illegible]g LETTERS, during the coming year.

But the columns of the POST are not for fiction (however instructive and impressive) alone. We shall continue to devote a large portion of the paper to more solid and substantial reading; such as is calculated to improve and inform the intellect, and to ennoble and purify the heart. Whatever is best in the pages of the foreign and domestic magazines and reviews, shall be laid under contribution to inform and enlighten our readers.

The *NEWS OF THE DAY* shall also be, as heretofore, carefully sifted, and what is important treasured in our columns.

Matters of interest to business men, a *BANK-NOTE LIST*, a *STOCK LIST*, the *MARKETS*, &c., shall be weekly laid before them.

For the *FARMER*, a dozen agricultural periodicals are carefully searched, and the best matter selected for our *AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT*.

One or more *PORTRAITS* of remarkable persons, or *PICTURES* of remarkable places are also weekly given.

In short, whatever is calculated to refine, instruct, amuse, or gratify, shall find its appropriate place in the POST; and let the reader mark one thing, whatever others may *promise*, we will not be behind in the *performance*. A paper that has stood for twenty-eight years, steadily progressing all that time, and which has now perhaps the *largest* list of subscribers of any weekly paper in the United States, is not to be left behind in the race by *any* rival. The *increase* alone of our subscription list last year, is equal to the *whole circulation* of many of our imitators.

TERMS.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office.

4 COPIES,		$ 5.00,	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00,	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$15.00,	"
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Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.—When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address, *always post-paid.*

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N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

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Selected Poetry.

THE ANGEL WATCHER.

A delegate watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed
For ere long mother was fast not slept,
And many more were dead.
A visible like an angel came,
Which none but she might see;
"Very soon, my child," the angel said,
"And I will watch for thee."

Sweet silence like a shadow fell
Upon the daughter's line;
The angel smiled, and touched her not.
But gently took her place
And, oh! so full of human love,
Those piping eyes did shine;
The angel gave her more than second—
The slumbers half divine.

Late rays of light, the sleeper's locks,
In warm, love tints were thrown—
Like rays of light, the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own.
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Deceived unto peace—
A something in the angel's face,
Seemed sister to the girl.

The mortal and immortal, both
Reflecting each were seen
The earthly and the spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
Oh, human love, what strength like thine!
From thee those prayers arose.
Which, entering into Paradise,
Drew angels from its close.

The dawn looked through the casement cold,
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And shadow cheered the entranced life—
The still and sooky room.
"My daughter! set thou there, my child!"
Oh, hear thee, love, come nigh!
Then I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee ere I die.

"If I were ever harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried.
"God knows my heart: I love thee more
When most I seemed to chide.
Now, bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray."
The angel kissed her—and her soul
Passed peacefully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what word,
The awakening girl utters to thy ear?
She wakes—no soon her mother died
While the girl's were—
Her mother's spirit spoken again,
Except her mother's sweet dead face—
Her own contracts to mute.

Singular Character.

FANNY MOORE:

THE FEMALE HUNTER OF THE WEST.

The father of the singular heroine we are about to sketch, was a Kentucky backwoodsman. Her mother died while she was yet an infant, and when she arrived at the age of fifteen, her father also died, leaving her a poor friendless orphan. It is not surprising, then, at this tender age she evinced a Masonic tendency, an acquaintance of her deceased father,) double her years as to age, but just her equal in poverty. Her whole fortune was composed of one cow, an old feather bed, a rusty flying pan, a bruised set of teacups and saucers, three of mirror and delay, with knee handles, two large pewter plates, and a wooden bowl of Indian meal mixture. Such was the legacy bequeathed by her surviving parent. Her husband's wealth might make well enough with such a portion bequeathed into the matrimonial with the one he wife. A black bob-tailed pony, a large wolf dog, and a long, heavy rifle, constituted riches unequal of his guests and chattels. So far, the united matrimonial fortune was somewhat extraordinary quite able on either side. There were other considerations, however, which made the bargain, one might say, fraudulently unequal. She was a pretty, rosy-cheeked, ruby-lipped, healthy lass, with sky-blue eyes, raisin ringlets, and a cheerful laugh, similar in frame, but of very elasticity, and a constitution of the most luxurious vitality. He, on the contrary, was a pale, lean, hungry-looking hypochondriac, who might be supposed, from the way keen he dispirited were forced to say quarters of his limbs in profitable labor, to regard *—* as impracticable one. The extraordinary example of his young wife, it is true, did, for a while, stimulate him to just sufficient effort, on the way of deer-hunting, to keep them from starving. The couple then lived in Western Missouri. Fanny, with her own delicate white hands, cleared out and cultivated a small field, and managed her domestic economy with so much thrift, that, notwithstanding the laziness of Tom, they began to accumulate slowly.

But an event occurred, in the sixth year of their wedlock, that changed the present current of affairs, and startled her in her mild wigwam. A "great revival," under the guidance of the "Cumberland Presbyterians," swept like a hurricane over the West. Movers became the bone of the storm, and "Tom Moore" was one of the first who escaped the vortex of excitement. Perhaps the logic which led him on may have been something like this:—God being said to inhabit the earth, he certainly was a good subject to prepare for heaven." Tom, who had always harbored an inveterate aversion against every other conceivable species of locomotion, all at once fell a strange passion for one, and contracted the daily habit of "moving," which allowed he him during the remainder of his life. The circumstance would not have mattered much, (unless it "jerking it" had rendered he more averse to exercise when taking aim at a buck in the woods,) had not a fanatical opinion got into his head about the same time. It seems that our Sunday the Cumberlander discussed the passage of Scripture, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c. They swallowed the text, but rejected the comment, and, misinterpreting the sentiment, literally came to the deliberate conclusion, "that it was sinful to provide for the wants of the wicked body," and resolved to act accordingly.

It was in vain that the industrious wife defended the theological creed with her shuttle, or fabulist cannon. He knew, arguments and remonstrances of relief fell on his moral armor of a log, but as to any other sort of exertion, he would not budge a peg.

Fanny's was now new critical in the extreme, her, strange to say, she still loved her husband with a love that, in spite of every conjugal damper, continued to burn on stubbornly in her affectionate heart to his death. Hence she could not make up her mind to leave him. Besides, they had now five children, and it was absolutely impossible to support such a family on the produce of their paltry, stony farm. In the emergency, that weak woman suddenly developed a energy and invincibility of nerve perhaps which the sense of the male sex cannot parallel.

With unbelievable patience, she practiced one lesson to make on an emergency on all Monday was her match, and then, as a solitary huntress, took to the forest, and soon supplied her husband and infants with a sufficiency of meat, and, what it not exceeded of Meats that he manifested any aversion towards the venison roasts which her better half provided with so much labor, however much he had once opposed in the sun of moderately thought for the manner.

The wild region of Missouri at last settled up. Nancy Reid, waving with golden grain, stood in the space of the old green woods which had furnished shelter and sustenance for the copious game. The log cabin, covered off, drops and the grand prairies, nearer to the Rocky Mountains. The smoothness fell brand and bright on the open, because the wild forest beam tend to nestle among the matted cause. The red deer had been scared away by the busy sound of Cousins's axes. It became necessary that Fanny should move. She and their sinister "improvement" on the banks of the white Osage, for a cart, a yoke of oxen, and a small room at many Moving, had loaded the cruel vehicle with our children and her "stakes" bolstering. Tom, she started in the van. In the new country, they, a secretary, she selected a locality fifty miles from our settlement, where he could encamp nearest at the greatest plenty, and her curls bend taller grasses beneath the trees, longer or nearly kneehigh. Then wonder of wills now acted rapidly to their humble prosperity. Her cane-mats, matted figure grew sweeter; her step, as she milked the black pony, more elastic; and the whistle in that by which she summoned her sons from the chase, sounded freer.

Even the laugh sometimes rang out as in the merry thoughtless hours of her early youth, long, long ago! Once or twice tears of bold metal.

That thought of a most gloomy character alone disturbed the calm flow of her joyous reflections. Her children were growing up with the rapidity of hasty sunbeam weeds, but without education, or even the prospect of any opportunity to obtain it. The one thought lay like a load on her. She turned it over in her mind in every connection, in every way, but still could find no solution for the bothering problem. She had learned to spell, *when a child, so as not dead school*—that is to say, she had gone so far in arithmetic as the *Rule of Three*, which, by the way, was nearly the end of her home learning's economic subservience at the prolegomena art. But her memory had long ago lost in the extreme tolls of its acquirements, till she could scarcely be said to know her letters. Often did she bitterly regret her idleness in the early school-house, and vacation, as she fondly kissed her children, returning at night from the summer hunt. "If I had only learned to read, then I could now teach you, my dears." And her tears would drop like rain.

At length an accident occurred, that brought with it a suggestion shaping itself into a fixed plan, which enabled her finally to vanquish the perplexing difficulty. The author cannot do better than give the anecdote in her own artless words, as related to him, in Texas, some twelve months ago.

"I used to cry about it every night," she said, "before going to sleep, and then I would dream it all over again; for indeed it was sad to think of. I knew that by hard work we would, after a while, be well enough off to more into the settlements, where decent people live; and then I thought how shocking it would seem for my young children not as more learning than the wild Indians. The boys were getting more than half as tall as their father, and Peggy's pretty head was even as high as my shoulders. It was enough to make a fond mother cry. I was then in the habit of going every two or three months to Little Rock, with a pack of pelitries, to buy salt and other things that we could not get along without. One time I brought back some books in return for the lucky. They were wrapped up in a large newspaper, which contained a number of curious pictures. The sheet was pasted at will wonder by the paper carriers, who had never seen such an object in their lives. Little Tommy came to me with sparkling eyes, if it were not a bird. I tried to explain the matter to him; told him what it was; that it contained a tale about the whole world; and that when persons learn to read it, they could know all affairs which were going on across the wide continent, and the big rivers, and away over the sea, as well as the sights they see every day before their doors.

"Oh! ma, won't you teach us how to read, so we can look from our old play-place in Missouri," said Peggy, who was then almost a woman.

"The question like to have broken my heart. I remembered how lazy I had been when a girl; and the time was I might have learned, without any sole into my very soul. I wept like a child, till even my own children seems to comfort me. However, my tears did me good. Tears always relieve the heart; they commonly clear the head also. A sudden thought struck me, since grief was I might say a holy purpose. It seemed impossible, but I resolved to try. I told them I now more cured the young folks of to bed, and having kindled a good pine-knot light, picked up the newspaper and sat down to see if I could make out anything in it. I smiled with unspeakable delight on discovering that I still knew all the letters, except the capitals. But I soon had cause to weep again, for, after long study, I could not put them all together. Many a night every line remained a riddle—I could not spell out the meaning of a single sentence. But I resolute a new course must be adopted by hook. I determined to go again shortly to Little Rock and purchase some primers and spelling-books for the children. I could study it as I rode, especially where the woods were open, and before I got within hearing of Rock, and then, when I was resting. After lifting a heavy deer upon my pony, or walking a long day, I would pull it out at a corner which I had prepared on purpose in the side of my dress, and run over the pages till I at last could read it without spelling them over from memory. I then commenced on my large spelling-book, and managed in the same way. All the while I wanted to be teaching the children, but was afraid of them wrong, instead of teaching them to spell perfect, because I thought that it was not of any use to know any thing at all unless one could know it right.

"While thus engaged, a lost hunter stopped a few days at our house with the intention of hunting, kindly offered to assist me. I then found that I had come to a wrong notion, but said no more. The boys and Peggy cannot. I had to endure the pronunciation of a great many of my words that we have frightfully when compared with the correct mode. After I got it straight, I brought it under for each one of the children, and could soon hear the eight-year-old Tom's proclaim, 'Sure—that I can read!' Peggy was now able to read." It would have done your heart good to see them! They appeared to be running mad with joy, for they felt consequence. They all got to be about the newspaper, and had treated me much on the subject. Night after night they would sit, or still twelve, studying their primers and spelling-books. Tom was the most forward, and Peggy the more industriously than ever I had done in the school-house, until at last they were through both books. But I was still anxious to get a few more before them I had obtained a Testament and the Life of Marion over. I got over both with great tames. In this way I taught my dear young ones to read, having first of all taught them to spell.

"In the literal, historical accuracy of the foregoing extraordinary facts, we refer to Mrs. Hall's book, to which we have already referred. Mrs. Moore, although in her narrative she only sets the facts, the initials of her name.

And may we not well be permitted to doubt whether the annals of the globe, and of the ages of time presents a parallel to the almost sincere one case? The biographers of the self-educated Davy, to be sure, while examples of genius that suffer as among the stronger wet. But did any one ever before meet with so wonderful a result as the patient, partial process of voluntary self-culture, with the same defects and settled above? Others have struggled with the impediments of studied mental development, from the desire of power and of gain; but this lone woman, in the lees of the backwoods, from pure, bitter, more sought to instruct her children, body and soul, and love, and with the sole view of filling herself to be the teacher of her innocent offspring, cut of the forest in the midst of the wilderness from every other means of instruction. It makes one better to read such a history—excited every one to conscious duty, and thus to know and feel that although the race may be degraded, humanity is in nearly as quite extinct, that of domestic heroism is not dead. Many a mother in our native land will be left to linger on earth with a bright eyed babe resting about her bosom.

But the fate of Fanny Moore found and Fanny's humble home in the mountains of Arkansas. He removed a little, and then, as usual, began to look around for a place to settle down. Having exhausted the neighborhood of Little Rock, he went to the south, and after wandering about for some time, and being obliged to suffer as among the stronger wet. But did any one ever before meet with so wonderful a result as the patient, partial process of voluntary self-culture, with the same defects and settled above? Others have struggled with the impediments of studied mental development, from the desire of power and of gain; but this lone woman, in the lees of the backwoods, from pure, bitter, more sought to instruct her children, body and soul, and love, and with the sole view of filling herself to be the teacher of her innocent offspring, cut of the forest in the midst of the wilderness from every other means of instruction. It makes one better to read such a history—excited every one to conscious duty, and thus to know and feel that although the race may be degraded, humanity is in nearly as quite extinct, that of domestic heroism is not dead. Many a mother in our native land will be left to linger on earth with a bright eyed babe resting about her bosom.

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For Housekeepers.

INDIAN RUBBER CLOTHS.—Mix together a pound of refined Indian meal, (the yellow must be used,) with a pound of flour, and half of wheat flour. Warm a quart of milk, and stir into it a wheat-cupful of molasses, and a tea-spoonful of saleratus. Mix all together.

CHEAP CAKE.—Take a pint of rice, boiled soft, with a little milk, and mix with it a pint of flour, two or three well beaten eggs; mix with water or sour milk enough to fry. If your cream should be sour, and two cups eggs, and sufficient flour for rolling out, and cut them out as usual.

GOOD CUSTARD.—Take half a pint of cream, half a pint new cream, and a stick of cinnamon. Boil the cream and milk together, and sweeten to taste; make of three fresh eggs, to a pint of cream, and pour the cream and milk on the eggs, and cinnamon in the milk, pour it into the cloth, stirring well, and sweeten to your taste. Simmer the custard till it is of the desired thickness, but do not let it boil. Season with lemon-water of nutmeg. Put into cups, put over the cups, and put a crust all round.

TEAS.—Boil two pounds of good flour, half a pound of brown sugar, and a small quantity of salt, in four gallons of water for fifty minutes—let it cool gradually to the temperature of new milk—then milk, boiled and cold, three. It may be used in twenty four hours. One part will be amply sufficient for twenty pounds of bread, unless it is required to be very light. In such cases one part is allowed to every eighteen pounds.

Wit and Humor.

A WEDDING EXCURSION.

In the evening the ceremony was performed which made Tim and Rachel an unit, and after the company had "liquored" all round, Tim having announced it "talked it up," with much feeling, announced the desperate resolution of starting the next morning on a grand tour of observation.

"He had always ben to hum," he said, "and never seen nothing, and now he was goin straight to Gammon, and since he came back he would see a steamboat, if there was such a thing say in it.

"Now, I was sat at Harrisburg in December, did you say, Mr. Schweer?"

"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in December."

Putting his head down thoughtfully for a moment, he replied:

"No, sir; I was not."

"Why, you sat at Harrisburg in January, Mr. Schweer?"

"At Harrisburg in January, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, sir, at Harrisburg in January."

Relapsing into a thoughtful mood for a moment, he replied:

"Now, I was sat at Harrisburg in January."

"Well, Mr. Schweer, were you at Harrisburg in February?"

"Did you say at Harrisburg in February, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, sir,—answer me, if you please—I said at Harrisburg in February."

"No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in February, nor in January, neither, or two, as before:

"No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg, in January, nor in February, neither, or two, as before:

"Now, sir, I was sat at Harrisburg with him, Mr. D., elevating his tone, demanded:

"At what time, then, sir, were you at Harrisburg?"

"At Harrisburg? At Harrisburg, Mr. Dallas? Why, I was never at Harrisburg in my life."

Of course the court adjourned instanter.

A CHEAP HOT.—We learn from a Parisian correspondent that the Emperor, and all the principal upon pugilistic legislature has been lately put forth in Paris. It is a circular, in which the Minister of Arabs, who had thrown by the single pack of their economy, and arrayed themselves in the Arabs, who had thrown by the single pack of their economy, and arrayed themselves in the most splendid manner, and ordered that they should be served on golden dishes. The guests and their other garments torn from their backs.

When the ambassador of Jerusalem he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, "Alas, Jerusalem is mighty! God grant us an easy conquest!" The commander-in-chief of the Arabs, who had mounted from his camel and sat down within it to rest after the journey, replied, "Jerusalem is the sovereign of this new and irresistible people, who were dressing and subduing the earth. The Moslems, fearful of an approaching enemy, would have kept them at a distance, but their refusal would be a declaration of war, and but what God hath decreed. Let the faithful trust in God."

The arrival of the Caliph was followed by immediate applications from the deputies of Jerusalem were admitted to a parley, they were astonished to find this dreaded potentate a bold-looking young man, and seated on the ground with a coat of hair-cloth.

The deputies surrounded were drawn up at writing by Omar, and signed afterwards as a witness. The Christians were to build no new churches, the Christians were to build no new churches in the surrendered territory. The church-doors were to be open night and day, and the gates never shut. The Christians were to be hospitable to travellers, and to entertain them three days gratis. They should not make assault, but feared had no such intent, and were to be treated accordingly. They were to be treated accordingly. They were to be treated accordingly. They